THE MERRY WIDOW

Education Account Account Management of the contract of the co

her best. Never had her blue eyes

felt actually jealous of Yaleville, Wis.

Was it possible she was glad she was

going home? No, that could not be.

There must be some other reason for

the Merry Widow's glee. Could it

chance she had left a lover behind her

in the far away town? Not likely, be-

cause all the mail which had come to

her had been addressed in a feminine

hand. So much we forced Jake to

tell us to set our minds at rest on

Never was there the like of that

night in Jake Mann's. Pickles played

the plano tuned for the occasion, and

"The Rocky Road to Dublin" and all

the old songs it does our heart good

to hear. Jake wanted to send the

champagne around, but the old aunt

objected. She said that as chaperone

she could stand for nothing stronger

than coffee. The Merry Widow hesi-

tated a moment, then poutingly as

sented, but we all felt that the yoke

been gladly willing for her sake to drink dishwater.

Pickles, too, could certainly touch up

the plano. I think Jake felt a little

bit ashamed of certain things he had

said about the old lady behind her

back, when she struck up the tune

of "Watch on Rhine," while the Merry

Widow announced she would sing some verses her aunt had composed on

Jake Mann and German hospitality ir

Following this, Pickles announced

that as it was getting late, she would go to bed, but her niece, she added.

could stay up a while longer. The Merry Widow's blue eyes included us

all in their flash of appreciation, yet

every man felt it was intended most

The Merry Widow stayed. We con-

versed with her by turns. Part of the

conversation was aloud, part whis-

pered. The widow was dazzling, but

no man dared overstay his limit. We

all said our little say, each after his

own fashion, and the widow was game

to the finish. At the stroke of 11, she

begged to be excused for the night Strange to say, not one of us adjourned to the bar after she had

usual game of forty-fives, then one by

one the members of the Fourteen club

stole away. I know that I left, os-

tensibly for my room, but in reality to

keep a date with the Merry Widow.

It was only a five-minute chat in the

hallway, but I held her in my arms.

kissed her again and again, saw the

lovelight burning in her eyes of blue,

interchanged vows of eternal fidelity

The next morning at breakfast time,

the Merry Widow and Pickles were

still in their rooms, but Jake Mann,

excusing their absence, called on us

to congratulate him. He announced his engagement to the Merry Widow.

Amid the chorus of voices raised in

surprised protest, I detected the note

of anger. Otherwise I would have

laughed at the preposterousness of the

ing the honor! Did the Merry Widow

propose to marry us all? Impossible.

I think I was the first to examine my roll. When flush, which was sel-

I felt it all there. But on opening the

bill-book, I found only a wad of brown

paper inside. I held it aloft. I shook

it. We investigated in turn. Every

man of us had been "stung." We

rushed hastily upstairs. There was no

sign that either the Merry Widow or

Pickles had occupied the beds the

After all, I am not sure but what

that five minutes with the Merry

Widow was worth a thousand dollars. Jake Mann thinks his money was well

spent. So far as I can find out, the

other members of the Fourteen club

are inclined to make the best of it. If

previous night.

and went my way.

particularly for himself.

the Merry Widow sang "Believe Me,"

that score.

general

flashed with so much happiness.

By FRANK H. MELOON

We all called her the Merry Widow. | ing. Then one day came the announce She said she came from Yaleville, Wis., where she had buried her husand—a big, surly brute, as nearly as we could guess—12 months before her arrival in New York. None of us happened to know just where Yaleville, Vis., was, or what kind of town it was, but I think that each of us pictured it in his own way, as shone the lights to stay on with him. But where was of his imagination, as a deserted village sort of place. And why? Just stuck to the Merry Widow like a because the Merry Widow was no dock-burr. She followed her upstairs

longer in and of it. There was nothing stuck up about the Merry Widow. Her blue eyes flashed as expressively and as appreciatively on me, who seldom had a cent unless because of a lucky strike in what I won't say, as on Jake Mann, who ran the hotel and who was suped to be independently rich and as widow-proof as a man down with rheumatic fever. The blue eyes, in fact, appeared to flash with equal favor on all of us-the Fourteen club, who gathered to play forty-fives and discuss af-

Jake Mann attracted us because of his ardent patriotism and desire for the overthrow of oppressive governments, monarchial or otherwise. Big. good-natured Jake, always ready to assist the struggling or raise the fallen. God bless him! He has never lost a dollar through any of the Fourteen club, and it's myself that's after thinking he never will. But we hardly reckoned him in the race for the heart and hand of the Merry Widow. Think of it! Fourteen bachelors and all of us willing to surrender single blessedness at a moment's notice for her sake! The Merry Widow did not come alone. An aunt, a creature full of frowns and sharp angles, was with her, watching her every movement as closely as if the Merry Widow were a little child and not able to take care of of propriety in this instance weighed herself at all. If, in bidding her adieu heavily on her. Still, we would have



A Five-Minute Chat in the Hallway.

-and I often pretended to take trips into the country for that very purpose —I held her hand a second longer then stern propriety would allow (and what Irish lad could help it with the blue eyes of the Merry Widow looking into his own), I would see the vinegar countenance of the aunt peering at me over her shoulder. Pickles-that was what we called the aunt.

After it was all over, others confessed to the same experience. Sporty bunch, you ask? Well, we were going some most of the time. You may wonder why the aunt permitted the Merry us. It was as plain as day. The widow was used to having her say, though nothing could discourage Pickles from nothing could discourage Pickles from idea. Then, great heavens! you "butting-in." And we all agreed that should have heard the rest of us claimthe aunt was a necessary accessory. only some of us used words both shorter and uglier.

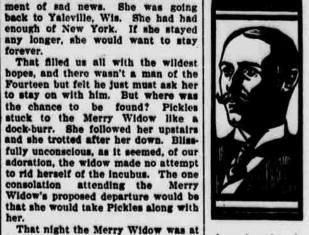
The widow explained she had come to Jake Mann's because she had heard | dom, I usually carried about a thouthat those who foregathered there sand dollars. I breathed with relief as were strictly on the level. Even at the semi-swell hotels she couldn't be so sure of that as at Jake's. Jake's law was: Be square. And Jake enforced it much better than the statute laws are enforced in New York or anywhere else. The Merry Widow didn't pretend to have a fortune, but she said she wanted to see New York and had come east for that purpose. The Fourteen club took turns showing her.

Pickles always went along. In all fairness to Pickles, I'll admit she never made herself obnoxious except by her presence. But you felt her, like an air laden with malaria, always about you. The desire to talk to the there was such a place as Yaleville. Merry Widow alone was overpower- Wis., I would certainly go there.

Auto Racing

Makes for Better Machines and **Better Roads**

By JOHN JACOB ASTOR.



Racing is sure to advance the automobile. It tends to produce the best material, to induce men to study out better machinery, to build better tires, to work out every technical problem.

Then there is another side to the question. Racing tends to better roads, and better roads are one of the best examples of advance in civilization. Without good roads a country cannot progress. They are the means of promoting trade and intercourse between far distant communities. And automobile racing helps to bring this about.

Unlike the aeroplane, the automobile seems today well nigh perfect up to a certain point. It is at this moment far ahead of the roads, especially in our country. We need better roads here in the United States. I don't mean for the sake of the automobiles

alone, but for the sake of those who must necessarily use them to bring their products to market, whether it be the farmer or the manufacturer. A farmer can move his crops at much less cost for transportation on a good road than he must spend on a bad one. The automobilists don't ask for good roads for themselves alone, but for all their countrymen, whether they be farmers, manufacturers or simply travelers.

A good automobile has come down very much in price since the introduction of self-propelled vehicles. It will come down more in price, I think, but say, old man, you just ought to see as its use becomes more general and popular. I doubt, however, the prediction of those optimists who say that the time will come when an automobile will become as cheap as the ordinary vehicle, because it contains its own motive power, which is a fact to be considered.

Coat of Arms Easy to Get

By JAMES GRANT.

That John D. Rockefeller was satisfied to be shown to be the descendant of a mediocre mediaeval French baron called Roquefeuil is a point for his modesty. The pedigree-seekers of the British museum, the Astor or Boston libraries, or the Bibliotheque Nationale, would have made him out the rejeton of the Capets, the Hapsburgs or the Hohenzollerns for a less sum of monev than the great oil magnate probably carns in half a day. Nor could these pedigree-mongers have been very well gainsaid. For if, O ancestor-hunter, you calculate that you had two parents who were, in their

turn, possessed of four, who acknowledged eight, who owned 16, who must have had 32, who boasted of 64 parents-if you travel along on this ratio for 10 or 20 generations, you will find that the people of France, let us say, who are alive and active to-day, must necessarily have been related to all those French people who existed six or eight or ten hundred years ago.

One thing is incontrovertible on the simple figures of the matter, and that is that every white man, now alive in the world, can show a relation- Starch necessary, with the result of ship with every white man who existed 2,500 years ago. On other words, no European could be held to be untruthful who should say that he was descended from, say, the first Brutus, for after a certain number of generations of blood admixtures it matters very little in the descendant whether his claim be direct or collateral, as far as any of the characteristics, or never could afford the railroad fare, even blood, of the original ancestor is concerned.

It is safe to say that direct ancestry cannot be traced in European families much beyond 15 generations; or, roughly, 500 years. The fable was providential and he pulled that King Edward is a lineal descendant of Hengist and Horsa is about through at last."-Atlanta Constituas ridiculous as the statement that the Hapsburgs are directly sprung from Octavian, the nephew of Julius Caesar.

Evolution has clearly enough shown that animals and plants cease to propagate after having done so for a certain number of generations. This stopped singing all day would be all the more so in generations of nobility or gentry which are almost invariably in-bred or exclusive. So it is clear that Mr. Rockefeller -who is far too wise, probably, to care one way or the other-may have a coat-of-arms of the Roquefeuil family; but it is certain that he has derived neither blood nor characteristics from that highly respectable ing with impossible problems?

The Greeks made few mistakes in their choice of words. They called the best man "aristos"-without reference to birth-and the best people "aristoi." It is pleasant to reflect that one may trace a close relationship to an "aristos," four or five generations back, and so construct a kind of nobility of blood and breeding upon the fact that he is transmitting his blood to us. To claim this over a score of generations is, however, a historical absurdity and an evolutionary impossibility.

Crop Reports and the Farmer

By CHARLES C. CLARK, Barrass of Statistics, U. S. Agricultural Dept

The government crop reports are especially valuable to farmers, who are benefited by them both directly and indirectly. Those farmers who read the reports and thus keep informed as to condition and prospects of crops profit in a direct way. while all are indirectly benefited through this knowledge being imparted to the great body of progressive and intelligent farmers and dealers instead of remaining the exclusive possession of a few persons.

It is well known that speculators and large dealers in farm products do not depend entirely upon government reports for

information concerning crop conditions. They have traveling agents and correspondents (usually local buyers) throughout the United States, who keep them posted upon local conditions, and the large buyer or speculator in return gives to these local buyers or correspondents information in regard to general conditions. Local buyers know the conditions of crops in their vicinity better, as a rule, than the average farmer, because it is their business to keep well informed. The farmer can not, by refusing to report for his locality the condition of crops, prevent buyers or speculators from knowing the condition of the crop. But without the government crop reports, which are made up largely by and for him, the farmer could not be sure of receiving any equivalent information from a disinterested source. He may know very well the condition of crops in his own locality, but must depend upon reports of others, in the newspapers or elsewhere, for the conditions of the entire crop. Prices in his home market are influenced, as a rule, more by the condition of the whole crop than by local conditions. The entire wheat crop of his county may be destroyed and prices be low, if the entire crop is large, or his county may have a "bumper" crop and prices be very high, if the entire crop is short.

Some private reports published in newspapers are honestly prepared and more or less reliable; on the other hand, misleading crop reports are frequently sent throughout the country to affect prices in the interest of speculators. The average farmer does not know which reports are reliable and which are sent out to mislead. The government reports enable farmers to keep themselves informed as to the general conditions, while the wide publicity given them checks and limits the evils of false reports sent out by persons interested in forcing the prices of products to figures not justified by actual conditions.

TOO MUCH FOR YANKEE.

English Munchausen Had Shade the Better of Fellow Romancer.

doner were traveling on the same train together from Liverpool to the "Yes," said the Yankee, "we do have consid'rable fog out our way. I've seen it so thick that the land-

The Cape Cod man and the Lon-

ladies of our summer poardin' houses could ladle it out and use it instead o' whipped egg for the heavy part of the floatin' island." "We 'ave 'em, too, in London," said

his traveling companion, "but our climate is too dirty to permit of our eatin' it. We burn so much soft coal, you see, the fog gets packed full of oot. The only thing we really can do with it is to cut it up into blocks and use it instead of peat when we want

And the Yankee took out the little American flag he wore in his buttonhole and put it away in his wallet .--



Mr. Asker-Do you find your new auto a good climber, Harrry? Harry-Well, it's not a speed marvel when it comes to running up hills.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney
for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially
able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

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bottle. Noid by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Plus for constipation.

One very great advantage which nuts possess over most foods is their absolute freedom from -dulteration. When you buy nuts, you always know what you are getting. Of course, those bought in the shell are also absolutely clean. And what a beautiful source they come from! How delightful to picture the trees upon which they grow, on the outermost branches dancing in the sunceams.-Good

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of perfect finish, equal to that when the

By the Hurricane Route.

"He's long wanted to leave the country," says a Billville exchange, "but he but just as he had given up all hope a hurricane came along and gave him and his house free transportation. It

Rather Effeminate.

The Saucepan-I wonder makes the kettle so happy The Coffee Pot-Why, didn't you notice its new lid?-Puck.

if the energy that women expend in making fools of men could be concentrated-but what's the use of speculatFOR THE LADY OR THE AUTO.



Expressman-I don't know whether this comes here. The address is in-

Housemaid-I guess it's all right. it's either a new tire for the auto, or a new hat for the missus!

nuch more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Johnnie (who is almost as bright as he looks)-I was jus' laughin' to think of the stork carryin' a hipperpotamus'-Exchange.

Bone of Contention. erences," said the old-fashioned philo-

"Yes" replied the shrewd observer but usually the reading of the will separates them again."-Detroit Free

Strong Winds and Sand Storms

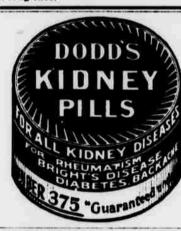
Liberality does not consist in giving largely, but in giving wisely,-

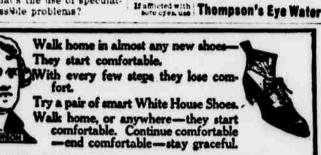
Smokers appreciate the quality value of Lewis' Single Binder digar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ili.

are lots of contract jumpers.

for old lord teething, setting the game redu fathmation, a layerate cures wind come. We a

The actions of a dumb man speak louder than his words.





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Restored to Health by Lydia II Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

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Vegetable Compound I
am well, after suffering
for months from nervous prostration."
Miss Marie Stoltsman, of Laurel, Ia.,
writes: "I was in a rundowncondition and suffered from suppression,
indigestion, and poor
circulation. Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound made me
well and strong."
Miss Ellen M. Olson,
of 417 N. East St. Kewance, Ill., says: "Ly-

of 417 N. East St., Ke-wanee, Ill., mys: "Ly-dia E. Pinkham's Vege-table Compound cured me of backache, side ache, and established my periods, after the best local doctors had failed to help me."

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For thirty years Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with

women who have been troubled with

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tion, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bear-

ing-down feeling, flatulency, indiges-

tion, dizziness, ornervous prostration.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

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acres free and another 160 acres at \$2.00 per acre. Hundreds have paid the cost of their tarms (if purchased) and then had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$12.00 per acre from one crop. Wheat, barley, oats flax—all do well. Mixed farming is a great

success and dairying is highly profitable. Excel-lent climate, iplendid schools and churches, rail-

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Eating A perfect rem-edy for Diginess, Nau-sea. Drowsiness, Bud Taste in the Mouth Cont-

Genuine Must Bear

Fac-Simile Signature

Breuksood

twenty burnels.

___ REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Why don't you try it?

Laundry work at home would be

Pop (looking up from the paper)see there's a new baby hippopotamus at the zoo. What are you laughing at, Johnnie?

"Death usually heals all family dif-

ause granulation of the evelids PETTIT'S EYE SALVE soothes and quickly relieves til druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N.Y.

Marriage is a contract, but there

Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrup

Those Tired, Aching Feet of Yours need Alah - Frot-Ease, the at your Pringist's Write A. S. Oimsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for sample. When a man is short he usually has

ways bring most every district within eary reach of market. Railway and land companies have lands for sale at low prices and on easy terms. "Last Best West" pamphlets and maps sent free. For these and information as to how to secure lowest railway rates, apply to Superin.endent of Immigration Ottawa, Canada or to the authorized Canadian Government Agents

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NAM FADELESS D

AMBITION

W. S. Gilbert's Early Choice of Stage Nipped in the Bud.

At the early age of 15, according to the author of a recent biography of Sir showed his theatrical bias, to his own

Enraptured with a splendid performance of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Princess theater, then under the management of Charles Kean, young Gilbert packed up a few clothes in a handbag and actually succeeded in making an entrance to the theater, with a view to going on the stage. Greatly elated at receiving the message that Kean would see him in his room, the boy lost courage when he

"Yes, sir," replied Master Gilbert, trembling in every limb.

"What's your name?"

"Gilbert, Gilbert," reiterated Kean. with a sharp glance at the em-barrassed boy. "Are you the son of my old friend, William Gilbert?" "Y-08.

-Youth's Companion.

Archbishop Bound to Service. The archbishop of Canterbury is re-quired by ancient custom to prepare a room, the boy lost courage when he was face to face with the great actor.
"So you would like to go on the stage?" mid Keen.

The boy's imagination failed him at

a critical moment in his life. "Gilbert," he faltered, seeking refuge in the truth.

Kean turned to an attendant. "See this young gentleman home," said he.